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# THE FLOWER OF OLD JAPAN

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

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‘ O ciel ! toute la Chine est par terre en morceaux !  
Ce vase pâle et doux comme un reflet des eaux,  
Couvert d’oiseaux, de fleurs, de fruits, et des mensonges  
De ce vague idéal qui sort du bleu des songes,  
Ce vase unique, étrange, impossible, engourdi,  
Gardant sur lui le clair de lune en plein midi,  
Qui paraissait vivant, ou luisait une flamme,  
Qui semblait presque un monstre et semblait presque  
une âme.’

— VICTOR HUGO (*Le Pot Cassé*).



To  
CAROL  
A Little Maiden  
of Miyako





## PREFACE

IT is a perilous adventure—the writing of a preface, however brief, to one's own poems. For one may be tempted to re-state matters that could find their full elucidation only in the verses themselves. Tennyson once remarked that poetry is like shot silk, glancing with many colours; and any attempt to define its meanings is as great a mistake as the attempt of nineteenth-century materialism to enclose the infinite universe in its logical nut-shells. Through poetry alone, whether of deeds or words, thought or colour, passion or marble, is it possible to approach the Infinite, or as Blake did:—

‘To see a world in a grain of sand,  
A heaven in a wild flower;  
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,  
And Eternity in an hour.’

But this revelation is the sole end and object of all true art; and I hope it may not be

thought presumptuous to say here simply that — whether the attempt be a success or a failure — it was especially my own aim in the two following poems. If the feet of childhood are set dancing in them, it was because as children we are best able to enter into that Kingdom of Dreams which is also the only true, the only real, Kingdom. The first tale, for instance, must not be taken to have any real relation to Japan. It belongs — as the *Spectator* put it — to the kind of dreamland which an imaginative child might construct out of the oddities of a willow-pattern plate, and it differs chiefly from Wonderlands of the Lewis Carrol type in a certain seriousness behind its fantasy. It is astonishing to me that these things require comment; but undoubtedly they do. For, on the one hand, the first tale has been praised enthusiastically as a vivid picture of Japan, and the author has not only had to correspond with Tokyo on the subject, but was also invited to meetings of the Japan Society in London! On the other hand, because the child-voices are allowed to declare that Tusitala lies asleep in that distant country of dreams, a prosaic English critic once wrote a lengthy review in

an important paper to point out my gross ignorance of the fact that Stevenson was really buried in Samoa! The tales are 'such stuff as dreams are made on'; but—as a kinder critic has remarked—'we ourselves are made of that stuff.' It is perhaps because these poems are almost light enough for a nonsense-book that I feel there is something in them more elemental, more essential, more worthy of serious consideration, than the most ponderous philosophical poem I could write. They are based on the fundamental and very simple mystery of the universe—that anything, even a grain of sand, should exist at all. If we could understand that, we could understand everything! Set clear of all irrelevancies, that is the simple problem that has been puzzling all the ages; and it is well sometimes to forget our accumulated 'knowledge' and return to it in all its childish *naïveté*. It is well to face that inconceivable miracle, that fundamental impossibility which happens to have been possible, that contradiction in terms, that fundamental paradox, for which we have at best only a cruciform symbol, with its arms pointing in opposite

directions and postulating, at once, an infinite God.

The inscription on the "Wisdom Looking-Glass"; the discovery by the children that the self-limitation of their little wishes was necessary not only to their own happiness, but to the harmony of the whole world; the development of the same idea in the passages leading up to the song — *What does it take to make a rose?* — where a *divine* act of loving self-limitation, an eternal self-sacrifice, an everlasting passion of the Godhead, such as perhaps was shadowed forth on Calvary, is found to be at the heart of the Universe, and to be — as it were — the highest aspect of the Paradox aforesaid, the living secret and price of our very existence; these things are only one twisted strand of the 'shot silk' out of which the two tales are woven. It is no new wisdom to regard these things through the eyes of little children; and I know — however insignificant they may be to others — these two tales contain as deep and true things as I, personally, have the power to express. I hope, therefore, that I may be pardoned, in these hurried days, for pointing out that the two poems are not to be

taken merely as fairy-tales, but as an attempt to follow the careless and happy feet of childhood back into the kingdom of those dreams which, as we said above, are the sole reality worth living and dying for; those beautiful dreams, or those fantastic jests—if any care to call them so—for which mankind has endured so many triumphant martyrdoms that even amidst the rush and roar of modern materialism they cannot be quite forgotten.

ALFRED NOYES.

## PERSONS OF THE TALE

OURSELVES.

THE TALL THIN MAN.

THE DWARF BEHIND THE TWISTED PEAR-TREE.

CREEPING SIN.

THE MAD MOONSHEE.

THE NAMELESS ONE.

Pirates, Mandarins, Bonzes, Priests, Jugglers,  
Merchants, Ghastroi, Weirdrians, etc.

## PRELUDE

You that have known the wonder zone  
Of islands far away ;

You that have heard the dinky bird  
And roamed in rich Cathay ;

You that have sailed o'er unknown seas  
To woods of Amfalula trees

Where craggy dragons play :  
Oh, girl or woman, boy or man,  
You've plucked the Flower of Old Japan!

Do you remember the blue stream ;  
The bridge of pale bamboo ;  
The path that seemed a twisted dream  
Where everything came true ;

The purple cherry-trees ; the house



With jutting eaves below the boughs ;  
The mandarins in blue,  
With tiny, tapping, tilted toes,  
And curious curved mustachios?

*The road to Old Japan!* you cry,  
*And is it far or near?*

Some never find it till they die;  
Some find it everywhere ;  
The road where restful Time forgets  
His weary thoughts and wild regrets  
And calls the golden year  
Back in a fairy dream to smile  
On young and old a little while.

Some seek it with a blazing sword,  
And some with old blue plates;  
Some with a miser's golden hoard;  
Some with a book of dates;  
Some with a box of paints; a few

Whose loads of truth would ne'er pass through  
 The first, white, fairy gates;  
 And, oh, how shocked they are to find  
 That truths are false when left behind!

Do you remember all the tales  
 That Tusitala told,  
 When first we plunged thro' purple vales  
 In quest of buried gold?  
 Do you remember how he said  
 That if we fell and hurt our head  
 Our hearts must still be bold,  
 And we must never mind the pain  
 But rise up and go on again?

Do you remember? yes; I know  
 You must remember still:  
 He left us, not so long ago,  
 Carolling with a will,  
 Because he knew that he should lie

Under the comfortable sky  
    Upon a lonely hill,  
In Old Japan, when day was done;  
“Dear Robert Louis Stevenson.”

And there he knew that he should find  
    The hills that haunt us now;  
The whaups that cried upon the wind  
    His heart remembered how;  
And friends he loved and left, to roam  
Far from the pleasant hearth of home,  
    Should touch his dreaming brow;  
Where fishes fly and birds have fins,  
And children teach the mandarins.

Ah, let us follow, follow far  
    Beyond the purple seas;  
Beyond the rosy foaming bar,  
    The coral reef, the trees,  
The land of parrots, and the wild

That rolls before the fearless child

Its ancient mysteries:

Onward and onward, if we can,

To Old Japan—to Old Japan.



# PART I

## EMBARKATION

WHEN the firelight, red and clear,  
    Flutters in the black wet pane,  
It is very good to hear  
    Howling winds and trotting rain:  
It is very good indeed,  
    When the nights are dark and cold,  
Near the friendly hearth to read  
    Tales of ghosts and buried gold.

So with cosy toes and hands  
    We were dreaming, just like you;  
Till we thought of palmy lands  
    Coloured like a cockatoo;  
All in drowsy nursery nooks  
    Near the clutching fire we sat,

Searching quaint old story-books  
Piled upon the furry mat.

Something haunted us that night  
Like a half-remembered name;  
Worn old pages in that light  
Seemed the same, yet not the same:  
Curling in the pleasant heat  
Smoothly as a shell-shaped fan,  
O! they breathed and smelt so sweet  
When we turned to Old Japan!

Suddenly we thought we heard  
Someone tapping on the wall,  
Tapping, tapping like a bird,  
Till a panel seemed to fall  
Quietly; and a tall thin man  
Stepped into the glimmering room,  
And he held a little fan,  
And he waved it in the gloom.

Curious reds, and golds, and greens  
Danced before our startled eyes,  
Birds from painted Indian screens,  
Beads, and shells, and dragon-flies;  
Wings, and flowers, and scent, and flame,  
Fans and fish and heliotrope;  
Till the magic air became  
Like a dream kaleidoscope.

Then he told us of a land  
Far across a fairy sea;  
And he waved his thin white hand  
Like a flower, melodiously;  
While a red and blue macaw  
Perched upon his pointed head,  
And as in a dream, we saw  
All the curious things he said.

Tucked in tiny palanquins,  
Magically swinging there,



Flowery-kirtled mandarins

Floated through the scented air;

Wandering dogs and prowling cats

Grinned at fish in painted lakes;

Cross-legged conjurers on mats

Fluted low to listening snakes.

Fat black bonzes on the shore

Watched where singing, faint and far,

Boys in long blue garments bore

Roses in a golden jar.

While at carved dragon ships

Floating o'er that silent sea,

Squat-limbed gods with dreadful lips

Leered and smiled mysteriously.

Like an idol, shrined alone,

Watched by secret oval eyes,

Where the ruby wishing-stone

Smouldering in the darkness lies,

Anyone that wanted things  
Touched the jewel and they came:  
We were wealthier than kings  
If we could but do the same.

Yes; we knew a hundred ways  
We might use it if we could;  
To be happy all our days  
As an Indian in a wood;  
No more daily lesson task,  
No more sorrow, no more care;  
So we thought that we would ask  
If he'd kindly lead us there.

Ah! but then he waved his fan,  
And he vanished through the wall;  
Yet as in a dream, we ran  
Tumbling after, one and all;  
Never pausing once to think,  
Panting after him we sped;

For we saw his robe of pink  
Floating backward as he fled.

Down a secret passage deep,  
Under roofs of spidery stairs,  
Where the bat-winged nightmares creep,  
And a sheeted phantom glares  
Rushed we; ah! how strange it was  
Where no human watcher stood;  
Till we reached a gate of glass  
Opening on a flowery wood.

Where the rose-pink robe had flown,  
Borne by swifter feet than ours,  
On to Wonder-Wander town,  
Through the wood of monstrous flowers;  
Mailed in monstrous gold and blue  
Dragon-flies like peacocks fled;  
Butterflies like carpets, too,  
Softly fluttered overhead.

Down the valley, tip-a-toe,  
Where the broad-limbed giants lie  
Snoring, as when long ago  
Jack on a bean-stalk scaled the sky;  
Slowly, softly towards the town  
Stole we past old dreams again,  
Castles long since battered down,  
Dungeons of forgotten pain.

Noonday brooded on the wood,  
Evening caught us ere we crept  
Where a twisted pear-tree stood,  
And a dwarf behind it slept;  
Round his scraggy throat he wore,  
Knotted tight, a scarlet scarf;  
Timidly we watched him snore,  
For he seemed a surly dwarf.

Yet, he looked so very small,  
He could hardly hurt us much;

We were nearly twice as tall,  
So we woke him with a touch  
Gently, and in tones polite,  
Asked him to direct our path;  
O! his wrinkled eyes grew bright  
Green with ugly gnomish wrath.

He seemed to choke,  
And gruffly spoke,  
“You’re lost: deny it, if you can!  
You want to know  
The way to go?  
There’s no such place as Old Japan.

“You want to seek —  
No, no, don’t speak!  
You mean you want to steal a fan.  
You want to see  
The fields of tea?  
They don’t grow tea in Old Japan.

“In China, well  
Perhaps you'd smell  
The cherry bloom: that's if you ran  
A million miles  
And jumped the stiles,  
And never dreamed of Old Japan.

“What, palanquins,  
And mandarins?  
And, what d'you say, a blue divan?  
And what? Hee! hee!  
You'll never see  
A pig-tailed head in Old Japan.

“You'd take away  
The ruby, hey?  
I never heard of such a plan!  
Upon my word  
It's quite absurd  
There's not a gem in Old Japan!

“Oh, dear me, no!

You'd better go

Straight home again, my little man:

Ah, well, you'll see

But don't blame me;

I don't believe in Old Japan.”

Then, before we could obey,

O'er our startled heads he cast,

Spider-like, a webby grey

Net that held us prisoned fast;

How we screamed, he only grinned,

It was such a lonely place;

And he said we should be pinned

In his human beetle-case

Out he dragged a monstrous box

From a cave behind the tree!

It had four-and-twenty locks,

But he could not find the key,

And his face grew very pale  
When a sudden voice began  
Drawing nearer through the vale,  
Singing songs of Old Japan.

## SONG

*Satin sails in a crimson dawn  
Over the silky silver sea;  
Purple veils of the dark withdrawn;  
Heavens of pearl and porphyry;  
Purple and white in the morning light  
Over the water the town we knew,  
In tiny state, like a willow-plate,  
Shone, and behind it the hills were blue.*

*There, we remembered, the shadows pass  
All day long like dreams in the night;  
There, in the meadows of dim blue grass,  
Crimson daisies are ringed with white;*



*There the roses flutter their petals,  
Over the meadows they take their flight,  
There the moth that sleepily settles  
Turns to a flower in the warm soft light.*

*There when the sunset colours the streets  
Everyone buys at wonderful stalls  
Toys and chocolates, guns and sweets,  
Ivory pistols, and Persian shawls:  
Everyone's pockets are crammed with gold;  
Nobody's heart is worn with care,  
Nobody ever grows tired and old,  
And nobody calls you "Baby" there.*

*There with a hat like a round white dish  
Upside down on each pig-tailed head,  
Jugglers offer you snakes and fish,  
Dreams and dragons and gingerbread;  
Beautiful books with marvellous pictures,  
Painted pirates and streaming gore,*

*And everyone reads, without any strictures,  
Tales he remembers for evermore.*

*There when the dim blue daylight lingers  
Listening, and the West grows holy,  
Singers crouch with their long white fingers  
Floating over the zithern slowly:  
Paper lamps with a peachy bloom  
Burn above on the dim blue bough,  
While the zitherns gild the gloom  
With curious music! I hear it now!*

*Now: and at that mighty word  
Holding out his magic fan,  
Through the waving flowers appeared,  
Suddenly, the tall thin man:  
And we saw the crumpled dwarf  
Trying to hide behind the tree,  
But his knotted scarlet scarf  
Made him very plain to see.*

Like a soft and smoky cloud  
Passed the webby net away;  
While its owner squealing loud  
Down behind the pear-tree lay;  
For the tall thin man came near,  
And his words were dark and gruff,  
And he swung the dwarf in the air  
By his long and scraggy scruff.

There he kickled whimpering.  
But our rescuer touched the box,  
Open with a sudden spring  
Clashed the four-and-twenty locks;  
Then he crammed the dwarf inside,  
And the locks all clattered tight:  
Four-and-twenty times he tried  
Whether they were fastened right.

Ah, he led us on our road,  
Showed us Wonder-Wander town;

Then he fled: behind him flowed  
 Once again the rose-pink gown.  
 Down the long deserted street,  
 All the windows winked like eyes,  
 And our little trotting feet  
 Echoed to the starry skies.

Low and long for evermore  
 Where the Wonder-Wander sea  
 Whispers to the wistful shore  
 Purple songs of mystery,  
 Down the shadowy quay we came —  
 Though it hides behind the hill  
 You will find it just the same  
 And the seamen singing still.

There we chose a ship of pearl,  
 And her milky silken sail  
 Seemed by magic to unfurl,  
 Puffed before a fairy gale;

Shimmering o'er the purple deep,  
    Out across the silvery bar,  
Softly as the wings of sleep  
    Sailed we towards the morning star.

Over us the skies were dark,  
    Yet we never needed light;  
Softly shone our tiny bark  
    Gliding through the solemn night;  
Softly bright our moony gleam,  
    Glimmered o'er the glistening waves,  
Like a cold sea-maiden's dream  
    Globed in twilit ocean caves.

So all night our shallop passed  
    Many a haunt of old desire,  
Blurs of savage blossom massed  
    Red above a pirate-fire;  
Huts that gloomed and glanced among  
    Fruitage dipping in the blue;

Songs the sirens never sung,  
Shores Ulysses never knew.

All our fairy rigging shone  
Richly as a rainbow seen  
Where the moonlight floats upon  
Gossamers of gold and green :  
All the tiny spars were bright ;  
Beaten gold the bowsprit was ;  
But our pilot was the night,  
And our chart a looking-glass.

## PART II

### THE ARRIVAL

WITH rosy finger-tips the Dawn  
Drew back the silver veils,  
Till lilac shimmered into lawn  
Above the satin sails;  
And o'er the waters, white and wan,  
In tiny patterned state,  
We saw the streets of Old Japan  
Shine, like a willow plate.

O, many a milk-white pigeon roams  
The purple cherry crops,  
The mottled miles of pearly domes,  
And blue pagoda tops,  
The river with its golden canes  
And dark piratic dhows,

To where beyond the twisting vanes  
The burning mountain glows.

A snow-peak in the silver skies  
Beyond that magic world,  
We saw the great volcano rise  
With incense o'er it curled,  
Whose tiny thread of rose and blue  
Has risen since time began,  
Before the first enchanter knew  
The peak of Old Japan.

Nobody watched us quietly steer  
The pinnace to the painted pier,  
Except one pig-tailed mandarin,  
Who sat upon a chest of tea  
Pretending not to hear or see! . . .  
His hands were very long and thin,



His face was very broad and white;

And O, it was a fearful sight

To see him sit alone and grin!

His grin was very sleek and sly:

Timidly we passed him by!

He did not seem at all to care:

So, thinking we were safely past,

We ventured to look back at last.

O, dreadful blank! — *He was not there!*

He must have hid behind his chest:

We did not stay to see the rest.

But, as in reckless haste we ran,

We came upon the tall thin man,

Who called to us and waved his fan,

And offered us his palanquin:

He said we must not go alone

To seek the ruby wishing-stone,

Because the white-faced mandarin

Would dog our steps for many a mile,  
And sit upon each purple stile  
Before we came to it, and smile  
And smile; his name was Creeping Sin.

He played with children's beating hearts,  
And stuck them full of poisoned darts  
And long green thorns that stabbed and stung:  
He'd watch until we tried to speak,  
Then thrust inside his pasty cheek  
His long, white, slimy tongue:  
And smile at everything we said;  
And sometimes pat us on the head,  
And say that we were very young:  
He was a cousin of the man  
Who said that there was no Japan.

And night and day this Creeping Sin  
Would follow the path of the palanquin;  
Yet if we still were fain to touch

The ruby, we must have no fear,  
Whatever we might see or hear,  
And the tall thin man would take us there;

He did not fear that Sly One much,  
Except perhaps on a moonless night,  
Nor even then if the stars were bright.

So, in the yellow palankeen  
We swung along in state between  
Twinkling domes of gold and green

Through the rich bazaar,  
Where the cross-legged merchants sat,  
Old and almond-eyed and fat,  
Each upon a gorgeous mat,

Each in a cymar;  
Each in crimson samite breeches,  
Watching his barbaric riches.

Cherry blossom breathing sweet

Whispered o'er the dim blue street

Where with fierce uncertain feet

Tawny pirates walk :

All in belts and baggy blouses,

Out of dreadful opium houses,

Out of dens where Death carouses,

Horribly they stalk ;

Girt with ataghan and dagger,

Right across the road they swagger.

And where the cherry orchards blow,

We saw the maids of Miyako,

Swaying softly to and fro

Through the dimness of the dance :

Like sweet thoughts that shine through dreams

They glided, wreathing rosy gleams,

With stately sounds of silken streams,

And many a slim kohl-lidded glance ;

Then fluttered with tiny rose-bud feet

To a soft *frou-frou* and a rhythmic beat  
As the music shimmered, pursuit, retreat,

“Hands across, retire, advance!”

And again it changed and the glimmering throng  
Faded into a distant song.

### SONG

*The maidens of Miyako*

*Dance in the sunset hours,*

*Deep in the sunset glow,*

*Under the cherry flowers.*

*With dreamy hands of pearl*

*Floating like butterflies,*

*Dimly the dancers whirl*

*As the rose light dies;*

*And their floating gowns, their hair*

*Upbound with curious pins,*

*Fade thro' the darkening air*

*With the dancing mandarins.*

And then, as we went, the tall thin man  
Explained the manners of Old Japan;

If you pitied a thing, you pretended to sneer;  
Yet if you were glad you ran to buy  
A captive pigeon and let it fly;

And, if you were sad, you took a spear  
To wound yourself, for fear your pain  
Should quietly grow less again.

And, again he said, if we wished to find  
The mystic City that enshrined

The stone so few on earth had found,  
We must be very brave; it lay  
A hundred haunted leagues away,

Past many a griffon-guarded ground,  
In depths of dark and curious art,

Where passion-flowers enfold apart  
The Temple of the Flaming Heart,  
The City of the Secret Wound.

About the fragrant fall of day  
We saw beside the twisted way  
A blue-domed tea-house, bossed with gold;  
Hungry and thirsty we entered in:  
How should we know what Creeping Sin  
Had breathed in that Emperor's ear who sold  
His own dumb soul for an evil jewel  
To the earth-gods, blind and ugly and cruel? . . .  
We drank sweet tea as his tale was told,  
In a garden of blue chrysanthemums,  
While a drowsy swarming of gongs and drums  
Out of the sunset dreamily rolled.

But, as the murmur nearer drew,  
A fat black bonze, in a robe of blue,  
Suddenly at the gate appeared;

And close behind, with that evil grin,  
*Was it Creeping Sin, was it Creeping Sin?*

The bonze looked quietly down and sneered.  
Our guide! Was he sleeping? We could not  
wake him,  
However we tried to pinch and shake him!

Nearer, nearer the tumult came,  
Till, as a glare of sound and flame,  
Blind from a terrible furnace door  
Blares, or the mouth of a dragon, blazed  
The seething gateway: deaf and dazed  
With the clanging and the wild uproar  
We stood; while a thousand oval eyes  
Gapped our fear with a sick surmise.

Then, as the dead sea parted asunder,  
The clamour clove with a sound of thunder  
In two great billows; and all was quiet.  
Gaunt and black was the palankeen



That came in dreadful state between

The frozen waves of the wild-eyed riot  
Curling back from the breathless track  
Of the Nameless One who is never seen :

The close drawn curtains were thick and black ;  
But wizen and `white was the tall thin man  
As he rose in his sleep :

His eyes were closed, his lips were wan,

He crouched like a leopard that dares not leap.

The bearers halted : the tall thin man,  
Fearfully dreaming, waved his fan,

With wizard fingers, to and fro ;  
While, with a whimper of evil glee,

The Nameless Emperor's mad Moonsee

Stepped ~~in~~ front of us : dark and slow  
Were the words of the doom that he dared not  
name ;

But, over the ground, as he spoke, there came

Tiny circles of soft blue flame;

Like ghosts of flowers they began to glow,  
And flow like a moonlit brook between  
Our feet and the terrible palankeen.

But the Moonshee wrinkled his long thin eyes,  
And sneered, "Have you stolen the strength of  
the skies?

Then pour before us a stream of pearl!  
Give us the pearl and the gold we know,  
And our hearts will be softened and let you go;

But these are toys for a foolish girl —  
These vanishing blossoms—what are they worth?  
They are not so heavy as dust and earth:

Pour before us a stream of pearl!"

Then, with a wild strange laugh, our guide  
Stretched his arms to the West and cried  
Once, and a song came over the sea;

And all the blossoms of moon-soft fire  
Woke and breathed as a wind-swept lyre;  
    And the garden surged into harmony;  
Till it seemed that the soul of the whole world  
    sung,  
And every petal became a tongue  
    To tell the thoughts of Eternity.

But the Moonshee lifted his painted brows  
And stared at the gold on the blue tea-house:  
    "Can you clothe your body with dreams?"  
    he sneered;  
"If you taught us the truths that we always  
    know  
Our heart might be softened and let you go:  
    Can you tell us the length of a monkey's  
    beard,  
Or the weight of the gems on the Emperor's fan,  
Or the number of parrots in Old Japan?"

And again, with a wild strange laugh, our guide  
Looked at him; and he shrunk aside,

Shrivelling like a flame-touched leaf;  
For the red-cross blossoms of soft blue fire  
Were growing and fluttering higher and  
higher,

Shaking their petals out, sheaf by sheaf,  
Till with disks like shields and stems like towers  
Burned the host of the passion-flowers

. . . Had the Moonshee flown like a midnight  
thief?

. . . Yet a thing like a monkey, shrivelled and  
black,

Chattered and danced as they forced him back.

As the coward chatters for empty pride,

In the face of a foe that he cannot but fear,  
It chattered and leapt from side to side,

And its voice rang strangely upon the ear.

As the cry of a wizard that dares not own  
Another's brighter and mightier throne;  
As the wrath of a fool that rails aloud  
On the fire that burnt him; the brazen  
bray  
Clamoured and sang o'er the gaping crowd,  
And flapped like a gabbling goose away.

## THE CRY OF THE MAD MOONSHEE

*If the blossoms were beans,  
I should know what it means —  
This blaze, which I certainly cannot endure;  
It is evil, too,  
For its colour is blue,  
And the sense of the matter is quite obscure.  
Celestial truth  
Is the food of youth;  
But the music was dark as a moonless night.*

*The facts in the song  
Were all of them wrong,  
And there was not a single sum done right;  
Tho' a metaphysician amongst the crowd,  
In a voice that was notably deep and loud,  
Repeated, as fast as he was able,  
The whole of the multiplication table.*

So the cry flapped off as a wild goose flies,  
And the stars came out in the trembling  
skies,

And ever the mystic glory grew  
In the garden of blue chrysanthemums,  
Till there came a rumble of distant drums;

And the multitude suddenly turned and flew.  
. . . A dead ape lay where their feet had  
been . . .

And we called for the yellow palankeen,  
And the flowers divided and let us through.

The black-barred moon was large and low  
When we came to the Forest of Ancient Woe;  
And over our heads the stars were bright.

But through the forest the path we travelled  
Its phosphorescent aisle unravelled

In one thin ribbon of dwindling light:  
And twice and thrice on the fainting track  
We paused to listen. The moon grew black,  
But the coolies' faces glimmered white,  
As the wild woods echoed in dreadful chorus  
A laugh that came horribly hopping o'er us  
Like monstrous frogs thro' the murky night.

Then the tall thin man as we swung along  
Sang us an old enchanted song

That lightened our hearts of their fearful load.  
But, e'en as the moonlit air grew sweet,  
We heard the pad of stealthy feet  
Dogging us down the thin white road;

And the song grew weary again and harsh,  
And the black trees dripped like the fringe of a  
marsh,

And a laugh crept out like a shadowy toad;  
And we knew it was neither ghoul nor djinn:  
*It was Creeping Sin! It was Creeping Sin!*

But we came to a bend, and the white moon  
glowed

Like a gate at the end of the narrowing road

Far away; and on either hand,  
As guards of a path to the heart's desire,  
The strange tall blossoms of soft blue fire  
Stretched away thro' that unknown land,  
League on league with their dwindling lane  
Down to the large low moon; and again  
There shimmered around us that mystical strain,  
In a tongue that it seemed we could under-  
stand.



## SONG

*Hold by right and rule by fear  
Till the slowly broadening sphere  
Melting through the skies above  
Merge into the sphere of love.*

*Hold by might until you find  
Might is powerless o'er the mind:  
Hold by Truth until you see,  
Though they bow before the wind,  
Its towers can mock at liberty.*

*Time, the seneschal, is blind;  
Time is blind: and what are we?  
Captives of Infinity,  
Claiming through Truth's prison bars  
Kinship with the wandering stars.*

O, who could tell the wild weird sights  
We saw in all the days and nights  
    We travelled through those forests old.  
We saw the griffons on white cliffs,  
    Among fantastic hieroglyphs,  
    Guarding enormous heaps of gold:  
We saw the Ghastroi — curious men  
Who dwell, like tigers, in a den,  
    And howl whene'er the moon is cold;  
They stripe themselves with red and black  
And ride upon the yellow Yak.

    Their dens are always ankle-deep  
With twisted knives, and in their sleep  
    They often cut themselves; they say  
That if you wish to live in peace  
The surest way is not to cease  
    Collecting knives; and never a day  
Can pass, unless they buy a few;

And as their enemies buy them too

They all avert the impending fray,  
And starve their children and their wives  
To buy the necessary knives.

\* \* \* \* \*

The forest leapt with shadowy shapes  
As we came to the great black Tower of  
Apes:

But we gave them purple figs and grapes

In alabaster amphoras:

We gave them curious kinds of fruit  
With betel nuts and orris-root,

And then they let us pass:

And when we reached the Tower of Snakes  
We gave them soft white honey-cakes,

And warm sweet milk in bowls of brass:  
And on the hundredth eve we found  
The City of the Secret Wound.

We saw the mystic blossoms blow  
Round the City, far below;  
Faintly in the sunset glow  
We saw the soft blue glory flow

O'er many a golden garden gate:  
And o'er the tiny dark green seas  
Of tamarisks and tulip-trees,  
Domes like golden oranges  
Dream aloft elate.

And clearer, clearer as we went,  
We heard from tower and battlement  
A whisper, like a warning, sent  
From watchers out of sight;  
And clearer, brighter, as we drew  
Close to the walls, we saw the blue  
Flashing of plumes where peacocks flew  
Thro' zones of pearly light.

On either side, a fat black bonze  
Guarded the gates of red-wrought bronze,  
Blazoned with blue sea-dragons  
    And mouths of yawning flame;  
Down the road of dusty red,  
Though their brown feet ached and bled,  
Our coolies went with joyful tread:  
Like living fans the gates outspread  
    And opened as we came.

## PART III

### THE MYSTIC RUBY

THE white moon dawned; the sunset died;  
And stars were trembling when we spied

    The rose-red temple of our dreams:  
Its lamp-lit gardens glimmered cool  
With many an onyx-paven pool,  
    Amid soft sounds of flowing streams;  
Where star-shine shimmered through the white  
Tall fountain-shafts of crystal light  
    In ever changing rainbow-gleams.

Priests in flowing yellow robes  
Glided under rosy globes;  
    Through the green pomegranate boughs  
Moonbeams poured their coloured rain;

Roofs of sea-green porcelain

Jutted o'er the rose-red house;

Bells were hung beneath its eaves;

Every wind that stirred the leaves

Tinkled as tired water does.

The temple had a low broad base

Of black bright marble; all its face

Was marble bright in rosy bloom;

And where two sea-green pillars rose

Deep in the flower-soft eave-shadows

We saw, thro' richly sparkling gloom,

Wrought in marvellous years of old

With bulls and peacocks bossed in gold,

The doors of powdered lacquer loom.

Quietly then the tall thin man,

Holding his turquoise-tinted fan,

Alighted from the palanquin;

We followed: never painter dreamed  
Of how that dark rich temple gleamed

With gules of jewelled gloom within;  
And as we wondered near the door  
A priest came o'er the polished floor

In sandals of soft serpent-skin;  
His mitre shimmered bright and blue  
With pigeon's breast-plumes. When he  
knew

Our quest he stroked his broad white  
chin,  
And looked at us with slanting eyes  
And smiled; then through his deep disguise  
*We knew him! It was Creeping Sin!*

But cunningly he bowed his head  
Down on his gilded breast and said  
Come: and he led us through the dusk  
Of passages whose painted walls



Gleamed with dark old festivals;

Till where the gloom grew sweet with musk  
And incense, through a door of amber  
We came into a high-arched chamber.

There on a throne of jasper sat  
A monstrous idol, black and fat;

Thick rose-oil dropped upon its head:  
Drop by drop, heavy and sweet,  
Trickled down to its ebon feet

Whereon the blood of goats was shed,  
And smeared around its perfumed knees  
In savage midnight mysteries.

It wore about its bulging waist

A belt of dark green bronze encased

With big, soft, cloudy pearls; its wrists  
Were clasped about with moony gems  
Gathered from dead kings' diadems;  
Its throat was ringed with amethysts,

And in its awful hand it held  
A softly smouldering emerald.

Silkily murmured Creeping Sin,  
"This is the stone you wished to win!"

"White Snake," replied the tall thin  
man,

"Show us the Ruby Stone, or I  
Will slay thee with my hands." The sly

Long eyelids of the priest began  
To slant aside; and then once more  
He led us through the fragrant door.

And now along the passage walls  
Were painted hideous animals,

With hooded eyes and cloven stings:  
In the incense that like shadowy hair  
Streamed over them they seemed to stir  
Their craggy claws and crooked wings.

At last we saw strange moon-wreaths curl  
Around a deep, soft porch of pearl.

O, what enchanter wove in dreams  
That chapel wild with shadowy gleams

And prisms colours of the moon?

Shrined like a rainbow in a mist

Of flowers, the fretted amethyst

Arches rose to a mystic tune;

And never mortal art inlaid

Those cloudy floors of sea-soft jade.

There, in the midst, an idol rose

White as the silent starlit snows

On lonely Himalayan heights:

Over its head the spikenard spilled

Down to its feet, with myrrh distilled

In distant, odorous Indian nights:

It held before its ivory face

A flaming yellow chrysoprase.

O, silkily murmured Creeping Sin,  
"This is the stone you wished to win."

But in his ear the tall thin man  
*Whispered with slow, strange lips ~ we*  
knew

Not what, but Creeping Sin went blue  
With fear; again his eyes began  
To slant aside; then through the porch  
He passed, and lit a tall, brown torch.

Down a corridor dark as death,  
With beating hearts and bated breath

We hurried; far away we heard  
A dreadful hissing, fierce as fire  
When rain begins to quench a pyre;

And where the smoky torch-light flared  
Strange vermin beat their bat-like wings,  
And the wet walls dropped with slimy  
things.

And darker, darker, wound the way,  
Beyond all gleams of night and day,

And still that hideous hissing grew  
Louder and louder on our ears,  
And tortured us with eyeless fears;

Then suddenly the gloom turned blue,  
And, in the wall, a rough rock cave  
Gaped, like a phosphorescent grave.

And from the purple mist within  
There came a wild tumultuous din

Of snakes that reared their heads and  
hissed

As if a witch's cauldron boiled;  
All round the door great serpents  
coiled,

With eyes of glowing amethyst,  
Whose fierce blue flames began to slide  
Like shooting stars from side to side.

Ah ! with a sickly gasping grin  
And quivering eyelids, Creeping Sin  
    Stole to the cave; but, suddenly,  
As through its glimmering mouth he passed,  
The serpents flashed and gripped him fast:  
    He wriggled and gave one awful cry,  
Then all at once the cave was cleared;  
The snakes with their victim had disappeared.

And fearlessly the tall thin man  
Opened his turquoise-tinted fan  
    And entered; and the mists grew bright,  
And we saw that the cave was a diamond hall  
Lit with lamps for a festival.

A myriad globes of coloured light  
Went gliding deep in its massy sides,  
Like the shimmering moons in the glassy  
    tides

Where a sea-king's palace enchants the night.

Gliding and flowing, a glory and wonder,  
Through each other, and over, and under,

The lucent orbs of green and gold,  
Bright with sorrow or soft with sleep,  
In music through the glimmering deep,

Over their secret axles rolled,  
And circled by the murmuring spheres  
We saw in a frame of frozen tears

A mirror that made the blood run cold.

For, when we came to it, we found  
It imaged everything around

Except the face that gazed in it;  
And where the mirrored face should be  
A heart-shaped Ruby fierily

Smouldered; and round the frame was  
writ,

*Mystery: Time and Tide shall pass,  
I am the Wisdom Looking-Glass.*

*This is the Ruby none can touch:*

*Many have loved it overmuch;*

*Its fathomless fires flutter and sigh,*

*Being as images of the flame*

*That shall make earth and heaven the same*

*When the fire of the end reddens the sky,*

*And the world consumes like a burning pall,*

*Till where there is nothing, there is all.*

So we looked up at the tall thin man

And we saw that his face grew sad and  
wan :

Tears were glistening in his eyes :

At last, with a breaking sob, he bent

His head upon his breast and went

Swiftly away ! With dreadful cries

We rushed to the softly glimmering door

And stared at the hideous corridor

But his robe was gone as a dream that flies:



Back to the glass in terror we came,  
And stared at the writing round the frame.

We could not understand one word :

And suddenly we thought we heard

    The hissing of the snakes again :

How could we front them all alone ?

O, madly we clutched at the mirrored stone

    And wished we were back on the flowery  
        plain :

And swifter than thought and swift as fear

The whole world flashed, and behold we were  
    there.

Yes; there was the port of Old Japan,

With its twisted patterns, white and wan,

Shining like a mottled fan

    Spread by the blue sea, faint and far;

And far away we heard once more

A sound of singing on the shore,  
Where boys in blue kimonos bore

Roses in a golden jar:

And we heard, where the cherry orchards blow,  
The serpent-charmers fluting low,  
And the song of the maidens of Miyako.

And at our feet unbroken lay  
The glass that had whirled us thither away:

And in the grass, among the flowers  
We sat and wished all sorts of things:  
O, we were wealthier than kings!

We ruled the world for several hours!  
And then, it seemed, we knew not why,  
All the daisies began to die.

We wished them alive again; but soon  
The trees all fled up towards the moon  
Like peacocks through the sunlit air:

And the butterflies flapped into silver fish;  
And each wish spoiled another wish;

Till we threw the glass down in despair;  
For, getting whatever you want to get,  
Is like drinking tea from a fishing net.

At last we thought we'd wish once more  
That all should be as it was before;

And then we'd shatter the glass, if we could;  
But just as the world grew right again,  
We heard a wanderer out on the plain

Singing what none of us understood;  
Yet we thought that the world grew thrice more  
sweet

And the meadows were blossoming under his feet.

And we felt a grand and beautiful fear,  
For we knew that a marvellous thought drew  
near;

So we kept the glass for a little while:

And the skies grew deeper and twice as bright,  
And the seas grew soft as a flower of light,

And the meadows rippled from stile to stile;  
And memories danced in a musical throng  
Thro' the blossom that scented the wonderful  
song.

## SONG

*We sailed across the silver seas  
And saw the sea-blue bowers,  
We saw the purple cherry trees,  
And all the foreign flowers,  
We travelled in a palanquin  
Beyond the caravan,  
And yet our hearts had never seen  
The Flower of Old Japan.*

*The Flower above all other flowers,  
The Flower that never dies;*

*Before whose throne the scented hours  
Offer their sacrifice;  
The Flower that here on earth below  
Reveals the heavenly plan;  
But only little children know  
The Flower of Old Japan.*

There, in the dim blue flowery plain  
We wished with the magic glass again  
To go to the Flower of the song's desire:  
And o'er us the whole of the soft blue sky  
Flashed like fire as the world went by,  
And far beneath us the sea like fire  
Flashed in one swift blue brilliant stream,  
And the journey was done, like a change in a  
dream.

## PART IV

### THE END OF THE QUEST

LIKE the dawn upon a dream

Slowly through the scented gloom

Crept once more the ruddy gleam

O'er the friendly nursery room.

There, before our waking eyes,

Large and ghostly, white and dim,

Dreamed the Flower that never dies,

Opening wide its rosy rim.

Spreading like a ghostly fan,

Petals white as porcelain,

There the Flower of Old Japan

Told us we were home again;

For a soft and curious light  
    Suddenly was o'er it shed,  
And we saw it was a white  
    English daisy, ringed with red.

Slowly, as a wavering mist  
    Waned the wonder out of sight,  
To a sigh of amethyst,  
    To a wraith of scented light.  
Flower and magic glass had gone;  
    Near the clutching fire we sat  
Dreaming, dreaming, all alone,  
    Each upon a furry mat.

While the firelight, red and clear,  
    Fluttered in the black wet pane,  
It was very good to hear  
    Howling winds and trotting rain.  
For we found at last we knew  
    More than all our fancy planned,

All the fairy tales were true,  
And home the heart of fairyland.

### EPILOGUE

Carol, every violet has  
Heaven for a looking-glass!

Every little valley lies  
Under many-clouded skies;  
Every little cottage stands  
Girt about with boundless lands;  
Every little glimmering pond  
Claims the mighty shores beyond;  
Shores no seaman ever hailed,  
Seas no ship has ever sailed.

All the shores when day is done  
Fade into the setting sun,



So the story tries to teach  
More than can be told in speech.

Beauty is a fading flower,  
Truth is but a wizard's tower,  
Where a solemn death-bell tolls,  
And a forest round it rolls.

We have come by curious ways  
To the Light that holds the days;  
We have sought in haunts of fear  
For that all-enfolding sphere:  
And lo! it was not far, but near.

We have found, O foolish-fond,  
The shore that has no shore beyond.

Deep in every heart it lies  
With its untranscended skies;

For what heaven should bend above  
Hearts that own the heaven of love?

Carol, Carol, we have come  
Back to heaven, back to home.



FOREST OF WILD THYME



To  
HELEN, ROSIE  
and  
BEATRIX



## APOLOGIA

CRITICS, you have been so kind,  
I would not have you think me blind  
    To all the wisdom that you preach;  
Yet before I strictlier run  
    In straiter lines of chiselled speech,  
Give me one more hour, just one  
    Hour to hunt the fairy gleam  
    That flutters through this childish dream.

It mocks me as it flies, I know:  
All too soon the gleam will go;  
    Yet I love it and shall love  
My dream that brooks no narrower bars  
    Than bind the darkening heavens above,



My Jack o'Lanthorn of the stars:

Then, I'll follow it no more,

I'll light the lamp: I'll close the door.

## PRELUDE

HUSH! if you remember how we sailed to old  
Japan,

Peterkin was with us then, our little  
brother Peterkin!

Now we've lost him, so they say: I think  
the tall thin man

Must have come and touched him with his  
curious twinkling fan

And taken him away again, our merry little  
Peterkin;

He'll be frightened all alone; we'll find him  
if we can;

Come and look for Peterkin, poor little  
Peterkin.

No one would believe us if we told them  
what we know,

Or they wouldn't grieve for Peterkin, merry  
little Peterkin;

If they'd only watched us roaming through  
the streets of Miyako,

And travelling in a palanquin where parents  
never go,

And seen the golden gardens where we  
wandered once with Peterkin,

And smelt the purple orchards where the  
cherry-blossoms blow,

They wouldn't mourn for Peterkin, merry  
little Peterkin.

Put away your muskets, lay aside the  
drum,

Hang it by the wooden sword we made for  
little Peterkin!

He was once our trumpeter, now his bugle's  
dumb,

Pile your arms beneath it, for the owlet light  
is come,

We'll wander through the roses where we  
marched of old with Peterkin,

We'll search the summer sunset where the  
Hybla beehives hum,

And — if we meet a fairy there — we'll ask  
for news of Peterkin.

He was once our cabin-boy and cooked the  
sweets for tea;

And O, we've sailed around the world with  
laughing little Peterkin;

From nursery floor to pantry door we've  
roamed the mighty sea,

And come to port below the stairs in dis-  
tant Caribee,

But wheresoe'er we sailed we took our little  
lubber Peterkin,  
Because his wide grey eyes believed much  
more than ours could see,  
And so we liked our Peterkin, our trusty  
little Peterkin.

Peterkin, Peterkin, I think if you came  
back

The captain of our host to-day should be the  
bugler Peterkin,  
And he should lead our smugglers up that steep  
and narrow track,

A band of noble brigands, bearing each a  
mighty pack

Crammed with lace and jewels to the secret  
cave of Peterkin,  
And he should wear the biggest boots and  
make his pistol crack, —

The Spanish cloak, the velvet mask, we'd  
give them all to Peterkin.

Come, my brother pirates, I am tired of play;  
Come and look for Peterkin, little brother  
Peterkin,

Our merry little comrade that the fairies took  
away,

For people think we've lost him, and when we  
come to say

Our good-night prayers to mother, if we pray  
for little Peterkin

Her eyes are very sorrowful, she turns her  
head away.

Come and look for Peterkin, merry little  
Peterkin.

God bless little Peterkin, wherever he may be!  
Come and look for Peterkin, lonely little  
Peterkin:

I wonder if they've taken him again across the  
sea

From the town of Wonder-Wander and the  
Amfalula tree

To the land of many marvels where we  
roamed of old with Peterkin,  
The land of blue pagodas and the flowery  
fields of tea!

Come and look for Peterkin, poor little  
Peterkin.

## PART I

### THE SPLENDID SECRET

Now father stood engaged in talk  
With mother on that narrow walk  
Between the laurels (where we play  
At Red-skins lurking for their prey)  
And the grey old wall of roses  
Where the Persian kitten dozes  
And the sunlight sleeps upon  
Crannies of the crumbling stone  
— So hot it is you scarce can bear  
Your naked hand upon it there,  
Though there luxuriating in heat  
With a slow and gorgeous beat  
White-winged currant-moths display  
Their spots of black and gold all day. —



Well, since we greatly wished to know  
Whether we too might some day go  
Where little Peterkin had gone  
Without one word and all alone,  
We crept up through the laurels there  
Hoping that we might overhear  
The splendid secret, darkly great,  
Of Peterkin's mysterious fate;  
And on what high adventure bound  
He left our pleasant garden-ground,  
Whether for old Japan once more  
He voyaged from the dim blue shore,  
Or whether he set out to run  
By candle-light to Babylon.

We just missed something father said  
About a young prince that was dead,  
A little warrior that had fought  
And failed: how hopes were brought to nought

He said, and mortals made to bow  
Before the Juggernaut of Death,  
And all the world was darker now,  
For Time's grey lips and icy breath  
Had blown out all the enchanted lights  
That burned in Love's Arabian nights;  
And now he could not understand  
Mother's mystic fairy-land,  
"Land of the dead, poor fairy-tale,"  
He murmured, and her face grew pale,  
And then with great soft shining eyes  
She leant to him — she looked so wise —  
And, with her cheek against his cheek,  
We heard her, ah so softly, speak.

"Husband, there was a happy day,  
Long ago, in love's young May,  
When with a wild-flower in your hand  
You echoed that dead poet's cry —

*'Little flower, but if I could understand!'*

And you saw it had roots in the depths of  
the sky,

And there in that smallest bud lay furled  
The secret and meaning of all the world."

He shook his head and then he tried  
To kiss her, but she only cried  
And turned her face away and said,  
"You come between me and my dead!  
His soul is near me, night and day,  
But you would drive it far away;  
And you shall never kiss me now  
Until you lift that brave old brow  
Of faith I know so well; or else  
Refute the tale the skylark tells,  
Tarnish the glory of that May,  
Explain the Smallest Flower away."  
And still he said, "Poor fairy-tales,

How terribly their starlight pales  
Before the solemn sun of truth  
That rises o'er the grave of youth!"

"Is heaven a fairy-tale?" she said, —  
And once again he shook his head;  
And yet we ne'er could understand  
Why heaven should *not* be fairy-land,  
A part of heaven at least, and why  
The thought of it made mother cry,  
And why they went away so sad,  
    And father still quite unforgiven,  
For what could children be but glad  
    To find a fairy-land in heaven?

And as we talked it o'er we found  
Our brains were really spinning round;  
But Dick, our eldest, late returned  
From school, by all the lore he'd learned  
Declared that we should seek the lost

Smallest Flower at any cost.

For, since within its leaves lay furled  
The secret of the whole wide world,  
He thought that we might learn therein  
The whereabouts of Peterkin;  
And, if we found the Flower, we knew  
Father would be forgiven, too;  
And mother's kiss atone for all  
The quarrel by the rose-hung wall;  
We knew not how, we knew not why,  
But Dick it was who bade us try,  
Dick made it all seem plain and clear,  
And Dick it is who helps us here  
To tell this tale of fairy-land  
In words we scarce can understand.  
For ere another golden hour  
Had passed, our anxious parents found  
We'd left the scented garden-ground  
To seek — the Smallest Flower.

## PART II

### THE FIRST DISCOVERY

OH, grown-ups cannot understand  
And grown-ups never will,  
How short's the way to fairy-land  
Across the purple hill:  
They smile: their smile is very bland,  
Their eyes are wise and chill;  
And yet — at just a child's command —  
The world's an Eden still.

Under the cloudy lilac-tree,  
Out at the garden-gate,  
We stole, a little band of three,  
To tempt our fairy fate.

There was no human eye to see,

No voice to bid us wait;  
The gardener had gone home to tea,  
The hour was very late.

I wonder if you've ever dreamed,  
In summer's noonday sleep,  
Of what the thyme and heather seemed  
To ladybirds that creep  
Like little crimson shimmering gems  
Between the tiny twisted stems  
Of fairy forests deep;  
And what it looks like as they pass  
Through jungles of the golden grass.

If you could suddenly become  
As small a thing as they,  
A midget-child, a new Tom Thumb,  
A little gauze-winged fay,  
Oh then, as through the mighty shades

Of wild thyme woods and violet glades

    You groped your forest-way,

How fraught each fragrant bough would be

With dark o'erhanging mystery.

How high the forest aisles would loom,

    What wondrous wings would beat

Through gloamings loaded with perfume

    In many a rich retreat,

While trees like purple censers bowed

And swung beneath a swooning cloud

    Mysteriously sweet,

Where flowers that haunt no mortal clime

Burden the Forest of Wild Thyme.

We'd watched the bats and beetles flit

    Through sunset-coloured air

The night that we discovered it

    And all the heavens were bare:

We'd seen the colours melt and pass



Like silent ghosts across the grass  
To sleep — our hearts knew where;  
And so we rose, and hand in hand  
We sought the gates of fairy-land.

For Peterkin, oh Peterkin,  
The cry was in our ears,  
A fairy clamour, clear and thin  
From lands beyond the years;  
A wistful note, a dying fall  
As of the fairy bugle-call  
Some dreamful changeling hears,  
And pines within his mortal home  
Once more through fairy-land to roam.  
We left behind the pleasant row  
Of cottage window-panes,  
The village inn's red-curtained glow,  
The lovers in the lanes;  
And stout of heart and strong of will

We climbed the purple perfumed hill,  
And hummed the sweet refrains  
Of fairy tunes the tall thin man  
Taught us of old in Old Japan.

So by the tall wide-barred church-gate  
Through which we all could pass  
We came to where that curious plate,  
That foolish plate of brass,  
Said Peterkin was fast asleep  
Beneath a cold and ugly heap  
Of earth and stones and grass.  
It was a splendid place for play,  
That churchyard, on a summer's day;

A splendid place for hide-and-seek  
Between the grey old stones;  
Where even grown-ups used to speak  
In awestruck whispering tones;

And here and there the grass ran wild  
In jungles for the creeping child,  
And there were elfin zones  
Of twisted flowers and words in rhyme  
And great sweet cushions of wild thyme.

So in a wild thyme snuggerly there  
We stayed awhile to rest;  
A bell was calling folk to prayer:  
One star was in the West:  
The cottage lights grew far away,  
The whole sky seemed to waver and sway  
Above our fragrant nest;  
And from a distant dreamland moon  
Once more we heard that fairy tune:

Why, mother once had sung it us  
When, ere we went to bed,  
She told the tale of Pyramus,

How Thisbe found him dead  
And mourned his eyes as green as leeks,  
His cherry nose, his cowslip cheeks.

That tune would oft around us float  
Since on a golden noon  
We saw the play that Shakespeare wrote  
Of Lion, Wall, and Moon;  
Ah, hark — the ancient fairy theme —  
*Following darkness like a dream!*

The very song Will Shakespeare sang,  
The music that through Sherwood rang  
And Arden and that forest glade  
Where Hermie and Lysander strayed,  
And Puck cried out with impish glee,  
*Lord, what fools these mortals be!*  
Though the masquerade was mute  
Of Quince and Snout and Snug and Flute,

And Bottom with his donkey's head  
Decked with roses, white and red,  
Though the fairies had forsaken  
Sherwood now and faintly shaken  
The forest-scents from off their feet,  
Yet from some divine retreat  
Came the music, sweet and clear,  
To hang upon the raptured ear  
With the free unfettered sway  
Of blossoms in the moon of May.  
Hark! the luscious fluttering  
Of flower-soft words that kiss and cling,  
And part again with sweet farewells,  
And rhyme and chime like fairy-bells.

*"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,  
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine."*

Out of the undiscovered land

So sweetly rang the song,

We dreamed we wandered, hand in hand,

The fragrant aisles along,

Where long ago had gone to dwell

In some enchanted distant dell

The outlawed fairy throng

When out of Sherwood's wildest glen

They sank, forsaking mortal men.

And as we dreamed, the shadowy ground

Seemed gradually to swell;

And a strange forest rose around,

But how — we could not tell —

Purple against a rose-red sky

The big boughs brooded silently:

Far off we heard a bell;

And, suddenly, a great red light

Smouldered before our startled sight.

Then came a cry, a fiercer flash,  
And down between the trees  
We saw great crimson figures crash,  
Wild-eyed monstrosities;  
Great dragon-shapes that breathed a flame  
From roaring nostrils as they came:  
We sank upon our knees;  
And looming o'er us, ten yards high,  
Like battleships they thundered by.

And then, as down that mighty dell  
We followed, faint with fear,  
We understood the tolling bell  
That called the monsters there;  
For right in front we saw a house  
Woven of wild mysterious boughs  
Bursting out everywhere  
In crimson flames, and with a shout  
The monsters rushed to put it out.

And, in a flash, the truth was ours;  
And there we knew — we knew —  
The meaning of those trees like flowers,  
Those boughs of rose and blue,  
And from the world we'd left above  
A voice came crooning like a dove  
To prove the dream was true:  
And this — we knew it by the rhyme  
Must be — the Forest of Wild Thyme.

For out of the mystical rose-red dome  
Of heaven the voice came murmuring down:  
*Oh, Ladybird, Ladybird, fly away home;*  
*Your house is on fire and your children are*  
*gone.*

We knew, we knew it by the rhyme,  
Though *we* seemed, after all,  
No tinier, yet the sweet wild thyme



Towered like a forest tall  
All round us; oh, we knew not how,  
And yet — we knew those monsters now:

Our dream's divine recall  
Had dwarfed us, as with magic words;  
The dragons were but ladybirds!

And all around us as we gazed,  
Half glad, half frightened, all amazed,  
The scented clouds of purple smoke  
In lurid gleams of crimson broke;  
And o'er our heads the huge black trees  
Obscured the sky's red mysteries;  
While here and there gigantic wings  
Beat o'er us, and great scaly things  
Fold over monstrous leathern fold  
Out of the smouldering copses rolled;  
And eyes like blood-red pits of flame  
From many a forest-cavern came

To glare across the blazing glade,  
Till, with the sudden thought dismayed,  
We wondered if we e'er should find  
The mortal home we left behind:  
Fear clutched us in a grisly grasp,  
We gave one wild and white-lipped gasp,  
Then turned and ran, with streaming hair,  
Away, away, and anywhere!

And hurry-scurry, heart and heel and hand,  
we tore along,

And still our flying feet kept time and pat-  
tered on for Peterkin,

For Peterkin, oh Peterkin, it made a kind of  
song

To prove the road was right although it seemed  
so dark and wrong,

As through the desperate woods we plunged  
and ploughed for little Peterkin,

Where many a hidden jungle-beast made  
noises like a gong

That rolled and roared and rumbled as we  
rushed along to Peterkin.

Peterkin, Peterkin, if you could only hear  
And answer us; one little word from little  
lonely Peterkin

To take and comfort father, he is sitting in his  
chair

In the library: he's listening for your footstep  
on the stair

And your patter down the passage, he can  
only think of Peterkin:

Come back, come back to father, for to-day  
he'd let us tear

His newest book to make a paper-boat for  
little Peterkin.

## PART III

### THE HIDEOUS HERMIT

Ah, what wonders round us rose

When we dared to pause and look,

Curious things that seemed all toes,

Goblins from a picture-book ;

Ants like witches, four feet high,

Waving all their skinny arms,

Glared at us and wandered by,

Muttering their ancestral charms.

Stately forms in green and gold

Armour strutted through the glades,

Just as Hamlet's ghost, we're told,

Mooned among the midnight shades :

Once a sort of devil came  
Scattering broken trees about,  
Winged with leather, eyed with flame,  
He was but a moth, no doubt.

Here and there, above us clomb  
Feathery clumps of palm on high:  
Those were ferns, of course, but some  
Really seemed to touch the sky;  
Yes; and down one fragrant glade,  
Listening as we onward stole,  
Half delighted, half afraid,  
*Dong*, we heard the hare-bells toll!

Something told us what that gleam  
Down the glen was brooding o'er;  
Something told us in a dream  
What the bells were tolling for!  
Something told us there was fear,

Horror, peril, on our way!  
Was it far or was it near?  
*Near*, we heard the night-wind say.

*Toll*, the music reeled and pealed  
Through the vast and sombre trees,  
Where a rosy light revealed  
Dimmer, sweeter mysteries;  
And, like petals of the rose,  
Fairy fans in beauty beat,  
Light in light — ah, what were those  
Rhymes we heard the night repeat?

*Toll*, a dream within a dream,  
Up an aisle of rose and blue,  
Up the music's perfumed stream  
Came the words, and then we knew,  
Knew that in that distant glen  
Once again the case was tried,

Hark! — *Who killed Cock Robin, then?*

And a tiny voice replied,

*“I*

*killed*

*Cock*

*Robin!”*

*“I! And who are You, sir, pray?”*

Growled a voice that froze our marrow:

*“Who!”* we heard the murderer say,

*“Lord, sir, I’m the famous Sparrow,*

*And this ’ere’s my bow and arrow!*

*I*

*killed*

*Cock*

*Robin!”*

Then, with one great indrawn breath,

Such a sighin’ and a sobbin’

Rose all round us for the death

Of poor, poor Cock Robin,

Oh, we couldn't bear to wait

Even to hear the murderer's fate,

Which we'd often wished to know

Sitting in the fireside glow

And with hot revengeful looks

Searched for in the nursery-books;

For the Robin and the Wren

Are such friends to mortal men,

Such dear friends to mortal men!

*Toll*; and through the woods once more

Stole we, drenched with fragrant dew:

*Toll*; the hare-bell's burden bore

Deeper meanings than we knew:

Still it told us there was fear,

Horror, peril on our way!

Was it far or was it near?

*Near*, we heard the night-wind say!



Near; and once or twice we saw

Something like a monstrous eye,

Something like a hideous claw

Steal between us and the sky:

Still we hummed a dauntless tune

Trying to think such things might be

Glimpses of the fairy moon

Hiding in some hairy tree.

Yet around us as we went

Through the glades of rose and blue

Sweetness with the horror blent

Wonder-wild in scent and hue:

Here Aladdin's cavern yawned,

Jewelled thick with gorgeous dyes;

There a head of clover dawned

Like a cloud in eastern skies.

Hills of topaz, lakes of dew,

Fairy cliffs of crystal sheen  
Passed we; and the forest's blue  
Sea of branches tossed between:  
Once we saw a gryphon make  
One soft iris as it passed  
Like the curving meteor's wake  
O'er the forest, far and fast.

Winged with purple, breathing flame,  
Crimson-eyed we saw him go,  
Where — ah! could it be the same  
Cockchafer we used to know? —  
Valley-lilies overhead,  
High aloof in clustered spray,  
Far through heaven their splendour spread,  
Glimmering like the Milky Way.

Mammoths father calls "extinct,"  
Creatures that the cave-men feared,

Through that forest walked and blinked,  
Through that jungle crawled and leered;  
Beasts no Nimrod ever knew,  
Woolly bears of black and red;  
Crocodiles, we wondered who  
Ever dared to see *them* fed.

Were they lizards? If they were,  
They could swallow *us* with ease;  
But they slumbered quietly there  
In among the mighty trees;  
Red and silver, blue and green,  
Played the moonlight on their scales;  
Golden eyes they had, and lean  
Crookéd legs with cruel nails.

Yet again, oh, faint and far,  
Came the shadow of a cry,  
Like the calling of a star

To its brother in the sky;  
Like an echo in a cave  
Where young mermen sound their shells,  
Like the wind across a grave  
Bright with scent of lily-bells.

Like a fairy hunter's horn  
Sounding in some purple glen  
Sweet revelly to the morn  
And the fairy quest again:  
Then, all round it surged a song  
We could never understand  
Though it lingered with us long,  
And it seemed so sad and grand.

## SONG

*Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn,  
Summon the day of deliverance in:  
We are weary of bearing the burden of scorn*

*As we yearn for the home that we never shall  
win;*

*For here there is weeping and sorrow and sin,*

*And the poor and the weak are a spoil for the  
strong!*

*Ah! when shall the song of the ransomed begin?*

*The world is grown weary with waiting so  
long.*

*Little Boy Blue, you are gallant and brave,*

*There was never a doubt in those clear bright  
eyes;*

*Come, challenge the grim dark Gates of the Grave*

*As the skylark sings to those infinite skies!*

*This world is a dream, say the old and the wise,*

*And its rainbows arise o'er the false and the  
true;*

*But the mists of the morning are made of our  
sighs, —*

*Ah, shatter them, scatter them, Little Boy  
Blue!*

*Little Boy Blue, if the child-heart knows,  
Sound but a note as a little one may;  
And the thorns of the desert shall bloom with the  
rose,  
And the Healer shall wipe all tears away;  
Little Boy Blue, we are all astray,  
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the  
corn,  
Ah, set the world right, as a little one may;  
Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn!*

Yes; and there between the trees  
Circled with a misty gleam  
Like the light a mourner sees  
Round an angel in a dream;  
Was it he? oh, brave and slim,

Straight and clad in æry blue,  
Lifting to his lips the dim  
Golden horn? We never knew!

Never; for a witch's hair  
Flooded all the moonlit sky,  
And he vanished, then and there,  
In the twinkling of an eye:  
Just as either boyish cheek  
Puffed to set the world aright,  
Ere the golden horn could speak  
Round him flowed the purple night.

\* \* \* \* \*

At last we came to a round black road  
That tunnelled through the woods and showed,  
Or so we thought, a good clear way  
Back to the upper lands of day;  
Great silken cables overhead

In many a mighty mesh were spread  
Netting the rounded arch, no doubt  
To keep the weight of leafage out.  
And, as the tunnel narrowed down,  
So thick and close the cords had grown  
No leaf could through their meshes stray,  
And the faint moonlight died away;  
Only a strange grey glimmer shone  
To guide our weary footsteps on,  
Until, tired out, we stood before  
The end, a great grey silken door.

Then from out a weird old wicket, overgrown  
with shaggy hair  
Like a weird and wicked eyebrow round a  
weird and wicked eye,  
Two great eyeballs and a beard  
For one ghastly moment peered  
At our faces with a sudden stealthy stare:



Then the door was opened wide,  
And a hideous hermit cried  
With a shy and soothing smile from out his lair,  
*Won't you walk into my parlour? I can make  
you cosy there!*

And we couldn't quite remember where we'd  
heard that phrase before,  
As the great grey-bearded ogre stood beside  
his open door;  
But an echo seemed to answer from a land  
beyond the sky —  
*Won't you walk into my parlour? said the  
spider to the fly!*

Then we looked a little closer at the ogre as  
he stood  
With his great red eyeballs glowing like two  
torches in a wood,

And his mighty speckled belly and his dreadful clutching claws,

And his nose — a horny parrot's beak, his whiskers and his jaws;

Yet he seemed so sympathetic, and we saw two tears descend,

As he murmured, "I'm so ugly, but I've lost my dearest friend!

I tell you most lymphatic'ly, I've yearnings in my soul," —

And right along his parrot's beak we saw the tear-drops roll;

*He's an arrant sentimentalist*, we heard a distant sigh,

*Won't you weep upon my bosom? said the spider to the fly.*

"If you'd dreamed my dreams of beauty, if you'd seen my works of art,

If you'd felt the cruel hunger that is gnawing  
at my heart,

And the grief that never leaves me and the  
love I can't forget,

(For I loved with all the letters in the Chinese  
alphabet!)

Oh, you'd all come in to comfort me: you  
ought to help the weak;

And I'm full of melting moments; and — I —  
know — the — thing — you — seek!"

And the haunting echo answered, *Well, I'm  
sure you ought to try;*

*There's a duty to one's neighbour, said the spider  
to the fly.*

So we walked into his parlour

Though a gleam was in his eye;

And it *was* the prettiest parlour

That ever we did spy!

But we saw by the uncertain

Misty light, shot through with gleams  
Of many a silken curtain

Broidered o'er with dreadful dreams,  
That he locked the door behind us! So we  
stood with bated breath  
In a silence deep as death.

There were scarlet gleams and crimson

In the curious foggy grey,  
Like the blood-red light that swims on  
Old canals at fall of day,  
Where the smoke of some great city loops and  
droops in gorgeous veils  
Round the heavy purple barges' tawny sails.

Were those creatures gagged and muffled

See — there — by that severed head?  
Was it but a breeze that ruffled

Those dark curtains, splashed with red,  
Ruffled the dark figures on them, made them  
moan like things in pain?

How we wished that we were safe at home  
again.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Oh, we want to hear of Peterkin; good sir,  
you say you know;

Won't you tell us, won't you put us in the  
way we want to go?”

So we pleaded, for he seemed so very full of  
sighs and tears

That we couldn't doubt his kindness, and  
we smothered all our fears;

But he said, “You must be crazy if you come  
to me for help;

Why should I desire to send you to your  
horrid little whelp?”

And again the foolish echo made a far-away reply,

*Oh, don't come to me for comfort,  
Pray don't look to me for comfort,  
Heavens! you mustn't be so selfish, said the  
spider to the fly.*

“Still, when the King of Scotland, so to speak,  
was in a hole,  
He was aided by my brother: it's a story to  
console  
The convict on the treadmill and the infant  
with a sum,  
For it teaches you to try again until your  
kingdom's come!  
The monarch dawdled in that hole for cen-  
turies of time  
Until my own twin-brother rose and showed  
him how to climb:  
He showed him how to swing and sway upon a  
tiny thread

Across a mighty precipice, and light upon his  
head

Without a single fracture and without a single  
pain

If he only did it frequently and tried and  
tried again :”

And once again the whisper like a moral wan-  
dered by,

*Perseverance is a virtue, said the spider to the  
fly.*

Then he moaned, “My heart is hungry; but  
I fear I cannot eat,

(Of course I speak entirely now of spiritual  
meat !)

For I only fed an hour ago, but if we calmly  
sat

While I told you all my troubles in a con-  
fidential chat

It would give me *such* an appetite to hear you  
sympathise,

And I should sleep the better — see, the tears  
are in my eyes!

Dead yearnings are such dreadful things, let's  
keep 'em all alive, —

Let's sit and talk awhile, my dears; we'll  
dine, I think, at five."

And he brought his chair beside us in his most  
engaging style,

And began to tell his story with a melancholy  
smile. —

"You remember Miss Muffet

Who sat on a tuffet

Partaking of curds and whey;

Well, *I* am the spider

Who sat down beside her

And frightened Miss Muffet away!



There was nothing against her!

An elderly spinster

Were such a grammatical mate

For a spider and spinner,

I swore I would win her,

I knew I had met with my fate!

That love was the purest

And strongest and surest

I'd felt since my first thread was spun;

I know I'm a bogey,

But *she's* an old fogey,

So why in the world did she run?

When Bruce was in trouble,

A spider, my double,

Encouraged him greatly, they say!

Now, *why* should the spider

Who sat down beside her

Have frightened Miss Muffet away?" •

He seemed to have much more to tell,  
But we could scarce be listening well,  
Although we tried with all our might  
To look attentive and polite;  
For still afar we heard the thin  
Clear fairy-call to Peterkin;  
Clear as a skylark's mounting song  
It drew our wandering thoughts along.  
Afar, it seemed, yet, ah, so nigh,  
Deep in our dreams it scaled the sky,  
In captive dreams that brooked no bars  
It touched the love that moves the stars,  
And with sweet music's golden tether  
It bound our hearts and heaven together.

## SONG

*Wake, arise, the lake, the skies*

*Fade into the faery day;*

*Come and sing before our king,*

*Heed not Time, the dotard grey;  
Time has given his crown to heaven —  
Ah, how long? Awake, away!*

Then, as the Hermit rambled on  
In one long listless monotone,  
We heard a wild and mournful groan  
Come rumbling down the tunnelled way;  
A voice, an awful mournful bray,  
Singing some old funereal lay;  
Then solemn footsteps, muffled, dull,  
Approached as if they trod on wool,  
And as they nearer, nearer drew,  
We saw our Host was listening too!

His bulging eyes began to glow

Like great red match-heads rubbed at night,  
And then he stole with a grim "O-ho!"

To that grey old wicket where, out of sight,

Blandly rubbing his hands and humming,  
He could see, at one glance, whatever was  
coming.

He had never been so jubilant or frolicsome  
before,  
As he scurried on his cruel hairy crutches to  
the door;

And flung it open wide  
And most hospitably cried,  
“Won’t you walk into my parlour? I’ve  
some little friends to tea, —  
They’ll be highly entertaining to a man of  
sympathy,  
Such as you yourself must be!”

Then the man, for so he seemed,  
(Doubtless one who’d lost his way  
And was dwarfed as we had been!)

In his ancient suit of black,  
Black upon the verge of green,  
Entered like a ghost that dreamed  
Sadly of some bygone day;  
And he never ceased to sing  
In that awful mournful bray.

The door closed behind his back;  
He walked round us in a ring,  
And we hoped that he might free us,  
But his tears appeared to blind him,  
For he didn't seem to see us,  
And the Hermit crept behind him  
Like a cat about to spring.

And the song he sang was this;  
And his nose looked very grand  
As he sang it, with a bliss  
Which we could not understand;

For his voice was very sad,  
While his nose was proud and glad.

*Rain, April, rain, thy sunny, sunny tears!*  
*Through the black boughs the robe of Spring*  
*appears,*  
*Yet, for the ghosts of all the bygone years,*  
*Rain, April, rain.*

*Rain, April, rain; the rose will soon be glad;*  
*Spring will rejoice, a Spring I, too, have had;*  
*A little while, till I no more be sad,*  
*Rain, April, rain.*

And then the spider sprang  
Before we could breathe or speak,  
And one great scream out-rang  
As the terrible horny beak  
Crunched into the Sad Man's head,

And the terrible hairy claws  
Clutched him around his middle;  
And he opened his lantern-jaws,  
And he gave one twist, one twiddle,  
One kick, and his sorrow was dead.

And there, as he sucked his bleeding prey,  
The spider leered at us — “You will do,  
My sweet little dears, for another day;  
But this is the sort I like; huh! huh!”

And there we stood, in frozen fear,  
Whiter than death,  
With bated breath;  
And lo! as we thought of Peterkin,  
Father and home and Peterkin,  
Once more that music clear and thin,  
Clear as a skylark’s mounting song,  
But nearer now, more sweet, more strong,  
Drew all our wandering thoughts along,

Until it seemed, a mystic sea  
Of hidden delight and harmony  
Began to ripple and rise all round  
The prison where our hearts lay bound;  
And from sweet heaven's most rosy rim  
There swelled a distant marching hymn  
Which made the hideous Hermit pause  
And listen with lank down-dropt jaws,  
Till, with great bulging eyes of fear,  
He sought the wicket again to peer  
Along the tunnel, as like sweet rain  
We heard the still approaching strain,  
And, under it, the rhythmic beat  
Of multitudinous marching feet.  
Nearer, nearer, they rippled and rang,  
And this was the marching song they sang:—

## SONG

*A fairy band are we*

*In fairy-land:*



*Singing march we, hand in hand;*

*Singing, singing all day long:*

*(Some folk never heard a fairy-song!)*

*Singing, singing,*

*When the merry thrush is swinging*

*On a springing spray;*

*Or when the witch that lives in gloomy caves*

*And creeps by night among the graves*

*Calls a cloud across the day;*

*Cease we never our fairy song,*

*March we ever, along, along,*

*Down the dale, or up the hill,*

*Singing, singing still.*

And suddenly the Hermit turned and ran with  
all his might

Through the back-door of his parlour as we  
thought of little Peterkin;

And the great grey roof was shattered by a  
shower of rosy light,

And the spider-house went floating, torn and  
tattered through the night

In a flight of prisms streamers, as a shout  
went up for Peterkin;

And lo, the glistening fairy-host stood there  
arrayed for fight,

In arms of rose and green and gold, to lead  
us on to Peterkin.

And all around us, rippling like a pearl and  
opal sea,

The host of fairy faces winked a kindly hint  
of Peterkin;

And all around the rosy glade a laugh of fairy  
glee

Watched spider-streamers floating up from  
fragrant tree to tree

Till the moonlight caught the gossamers and,  
oh we wished for Peterkin !  
Each rope became a rainbow ; but it made us  
ache to see  
Such a fairy forest-pomp without explaining  
it to Peterkin.

Then all the glittering crowd  
With a courtly gesture bowed  
Like a rosy jewelled cloud  
Round a flame,  
As the King of Fairy-land,  
Very dignified and grand,  
Stepped forward to demand  
Whence we came.

He'd a cloak of gold and green  
Such as caterpillars spin,  
For the fairy ways, I ween,

Are very frugal;  
He'd a bow that he had borne  
Since the crimson Eden morn,  
And a honeysuckle horn  
For his bugle.

So we told our tale of faëry to the King of  
Fairy-land,  
And asked if he could let us know the latest  
news of Peterkin;  
And he turned him with a courtly smile and  
waved his jewelled wand  
And cried, *Pease-blossom, Mustard-seed! You*  
*know the old command;*  
*Well; these are little children; you must*  
*lead them on to Peterkin.*  
Then he knelt, the King of Faëry knelt; his  
eyes were great and grand  
As he took our hands and kissed them, say-  
ing, *Father loves your Peterkin!*

So out they sprang, on either side,  
A light fantastic fairy guide,  
To lead us to the land unknown  
Where little Peterkin was gone;  
And, as we went with timid pace,  
We saw that every fairy face  
In all that moonlit host was wet  
With tears: we never shall forget  
The mystic hush that seemed to fade  
Away like sound, as down the glade  
We passed beyond their zone of light.  
Then through the forest's purple night  
We trotted, at a pleasant speed,  
With gay Pease-blossom and Mustard-seed.

## PART IV

### PEASE-BLOSSOM AND MUSTARD-SEED

SHYLY we surveyed our guides  
As through the gloomy woods we went  
In the light that the straggling moonbeams  
lent:

We envied them their easy strides!  
Pease-blossom in his crimson cap  
And delicate suit of rose-leaf green,  
His crimson sash and his jewelled dagger,  
Strutted along with an elegant swagger  
Which showed that he didn't care one rap  
For anything less than a Fairy Queen:  
His eyes were deep like the eyes of a poet,  
Although his crisp and curly hair  
Certainly didn't seem to show it!

While Mustard-seed was a devil-may-care  
 Epigrammatic and pungent fellow  
 Clad in a splendid suit of yellow,  
 With emerald stars on his glittering breast

And eyes that shone with a diamond light:  
 They made you feel sure it would always be  
 best

To tell him the truth: he was not perhaps  
*quite*  
 So polite as Pease-blossom, but then who could  
 be

*Quite* such a debonair fairy as he?

We never could tell you one-half that we heard  
 And saw on that journey. For instance, a  
 bird

Ten times as big as an elephant stood  
 By the side of a nest like a great thick wood:  
 The clouds in glimmering wreaths were spread

Behind its vast and shadowy head  
Which rolled at us trembling below. (Its eyes  
Were like great black moons in those pearl-  
pale skies.)

And we feared he might take us, perhaps, for  
a worm.

But he ruffled his breast with the sound of a  
storm,

And snuggled his head with a careless disdain  
Under his huge hunched wing again;

And Mustard-seed said, as we stole thro' the  
dark,

There was nothing to fear: it was only a Lark!

And so he cheered the way along

With many a neat little epigram,

While dear Pease-blossom before him swam

On a billow of lovely moonlit song,



Telling us why they had left their home  
In Sherwood, and had hither come  
To dwell in this magical scented clime,  
This dim old Forest of sweet Wild Thyme.

“Men toil,” he said, “from morn till night  
With bleeding hands and blinded sight  
For gold, more gold ! They have betrayed  
The trust that in their souls was laid ;  
Their fairy birthright they have sold  
For little disks of mortal gold ;  
And now they cannot even see  
The gold upon the greenwood tree,  
The wealth of coloured lights that pass  
In soft gradations through the grass,  
The riches of the love untold  
That wakes the day from grey to gold ;  
And howsoe’er the moonlight weaves  
Magic webs among the leaves

Englishmen care little now  
For elves beneath the hawthorn bough:  
Nor if Robin should return  
Dare they of an outlaw learn;  
For them the Smallest Flower is furled,  
Mute is the music of the world;  
And unbelief has driven away  
Beauty from the blossomed spray."

Then Mustard-seed with diamond eyes  
Taught us to be laughter-wise,  
And he showed us how that Time  
Is much less powerful than a rhyme;  
And that Space is but a dream;  
"For look," he said, with eyes agleam,  
"Now you are become so small  
You think the Thyme a forest tall;  
But underneath your feet you see  
A world of wilder mystery

Where, if you were smaller yet,  
You would just as soon forget  
This forest, which you'd leave above  
As you have left the home you love!  
For, since the Thyme you used to know  
Seems a forest here below,  
What if you should sink again  
And find there stretched a mighty plain  
Between each grass-blade and the next?  
You'd think till you were quite perplexed!  
Especially if all the flowers  
That lit the sweet Thyme-forest bowers  
Were in that wild transcendent change  
Turned to Temples, great and strange,  
With many a pillared portal high  
And domes that swelled against the sky!  
How foolish, then, you will agree,  
Are those who think that all must see  
The world alike, or those who scorn

Another who, perchance, was born  
Where — in a different dream from theirs —  
What they call sins to him are prayers!  
We cannot judge; we cannot know;  
All things mingle; all things flow;  
There's only one thing constant here —  
Love — that untranscended sphere:  
Love, that while all ages run  
Holds the wheeling worlds in one;  
Love that, as your sages tell,  
Soars to heaven and sinks to hell."

Even as he spoke, we seemed to grow  
Smaller, the Thyme trees seemed to go  
Farther away from us: new dreams  
Flashed out on us with mystic gleams  
Of mighty Temple-domes: deep awe  
Held us all breathless as we saw  
A carven portal glimmering out

Between new flowers that put to rout  
Our other fancies: in sweet fear  
We tiptoed past, and seemed to hear  
A sound of singing from within  
That told our souls of Peterkin:  
Our thoughts of *him* were still the same  
Howe'er the shadows went and came!  
So, on we wandered, hand in hand,  
And all the world was fairy-land.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

And as we went we seemed to hear  
    Surging up from distant dells  
A solemn music, soft and clear  
    As if a field of lily-bells  
Were tolling all together, sweet  
    But sad and low and keeping time  
To multitudinous marching feet  
With a slow funereal beat  
    And a deep harmonious chime

That told us by its dark refrain

The reason fairies suffered pain.

SONG

Bear her along

Keep ye your song

Tender and sweet and low:

Fairies must die!

Ask ye not why

Ye that have hurt her so.

*Passing away — flower from the spray! Colour  
and light from the leaf!*

*Soon, soon will the year shed its bloom on her  
bier, and the dust of its dreams on our grief.*

Men upon earth

Bring us to birth

Gently at even and morn!

When as brother and brother

They greet one another

And smile — then a fairy is born!

But at each cruel word

Upon earth that is heard,

Each deed of unkindness or hate,

Some fairy must pass

From the games in the grass

And steal thro' the terrible Gate.

*Passing away — flower from the spray! Colour  
and light from the leaf!*

*Soon, soon will the year shed its bloom on her  
bier, and the dust of its dreams on our  
grief.*

If ye knew, if ye knew

All the wrong that ye do

By the thought that ye harbour alone,

How the face of some fairy

Grows wistful and weary

And the heart in her cold as a stone!

Ah, she was born  
Blithe as the morn  
Under an April sky,  
Born of the greeting  
Of two lovers meeting!  
They parted, and so she must die!  
*Passing away — flower from the spray! Colour  
and light from the leaf!*  
*Soon, soon will the year shed its bloom on her  
bier, and the dust of its dreams on our  
grief.*

Cradled in blisses,  
Yea, born of your kisses,  
Oh, ye lovers that met by the moon,  
She would not have cried  
In the darkness and died  
If ye had not forgotten so soon!

Cruel mortals, they say,



Live for ever and aye,  
 And they pray in the dark on their knees!  
 But the flowers that are fled  
 And the loves that are dead,  
 What heaven takes pity on these?

*Bear her along — singing your song — tender  
 and sweet and low!*

*Fairies must die! Ask ye not why — ye that  
 have hurt her so.*

Passing away —  
 Flower from the spray!  
 Colour and light from the leaf!  
 Soon, soon will the year  
 Shed its bloom on her bier  
 And the dust of its dreams on our grief!

\* \* \* \* \*

Then we came through a glittering crystal grot

By a path like a pale moonbeam,  
And a broad blue bridge of Forget-me-not  
Over a shimmering stream,  
To where, through the deep blue dusk, a gleam  
Rose like the soul of the setting sun;  
A sunset breaking through the earth,  
A crimson sea of the poppies of dream,  
Deep as the sleep that gave them birth  
In the night where all earthly dreams are  
done.

And then, like a pearl-pale porch of the moon,  
Faint and sweet as a starlit shrine,  
Over the gloom  
Of the crimson bloom  
We saw the Gates of Ivory shine;  
And, lulled and lured by the lullaby tune  
Of the cradling airs that drowsily creep  
From blossom to blossom, and lazily croon

Through the heart of the midnight's mystic  
noon,

We came to the Gates of the City of Sleep.

Faint and sweet as a lily's repose

On the broad black breast of a midnight  
lake,

The City delighted the cradling night:

Like a straggling palace of cloud it rose;

The towers were crowned with a crystal  
light

Like the starry crown of a white snowflake  
As they pierced in a wild white pinnacled  
crowd,

Through the dusky wreaths of enchanted cloud  
That swirled all round like a witch's hair.

And we heard, as the sound of a great sea  
sighing,

The sigh of the sleepless world of care;  
And we saw strange shadowy figures flying  
Up to the Ivory Gates and beating  
With pale hands, long and famished and  
thin;

Like blinded birds we saw them dash  
Against the cruelly gleaming wall:  
We heard them wearily moan and call  
With sharp starved lips for ever entreating  
The pale doorkeeper to let them in.

And still, as they beat, again and again,  
We saw on the moon-pale lintels a splash  
Of crimson blood like a poppy-stain  
Or a wild red rose from the gardens of pain  
That sigh all night like a ghostly sea  
From the City of Sleep to Gethsemane.

And lo, as we neared that mighty crowd  
An old blind man came, crying aloud

To greet us, as once the blind man cried  
In the Bible picture — you know we tried  
To paint that print, with its Eastern sun;  
But the reds and the yellows *would* mix and  
run,

And the blue of the sky made a horrible mess  
Right over the edge of the Lord's white dress.

And the old blind man, just as though he had  
eyes,

Came straight to meet us; and all the cries  
Of the crowd were hushed; and a strange  
sweet calm

Stole through the air like a breath of the balm  
That was wafted abroad from the Forest of  
Thyme

(For it rolled all round that curious clime  
With its magical clouds of perfumed trees.)  
And the blind man cried, "Our help is at hand,

Oh, brothers, remember the old command,  
 Remember the frankincense and myrrh,  
 Make way, make way for those little ones there;  
 Make way, make way, I have seen them afar  
 Under a great white Eastern star;  
 For I am the mad blind man who sees!"

Then he whispered, softly — *Of such as these;*  
 And through the hush of the cloven crowd  
 We passed to the gates of the City, and there  
 Our fairy heralds cried aloud —  
*Open your Gates; don't stand and stare;*  
*These are the Children for whom our King*  
*Made all the star-worlds dance in a ring!*

And lo, like a sorrow that melts from the heart  
 In tears, the slow gates melted apart;  
 And into the City we passed like a dream;  
 And then, in one splendid marching stream  
 The whole of that host came following through.

We were only children, just like you;  
 Children, ah, but we felt so grand  
 As we led them — although we could under-  
     stand

Nothing at all of the wonderful song  
 That rose all round as we marched along.

## SONG

*You that have seen how the world and its glory  
     Change and grow old like the love of a friend;  
 You that have come to the end of the story,  
     You that were tired ere you came to the end;  
 You that are weary of laughter and sorrow,  
     Pain and pleasure, labour and sin,  
 Sick of the midnight and dreading the morrow,  
     Ah, come in; come in.*

*You that are bearing the load of the ages;  
     You that have loved overmuch and too late;  
 You that confute all the saws of the sages;*

*You that served only because you must wait,  
Knowing your work was a wasted endeavour;  
You that have lost and yet triumphed therein,  
Add loss to your losses and triumph for ever;  
Ah, come in; come in.*

And we knew as we went up that twisted street,  
With its violet shadows and pearl-pale walls,  
We were coming to Something strange and sweet,  
For the dim air echoed with elfin calls;  
And, far away, in the heart of the City,  
A murmur of laughter and revelry rose, —  
A sound that was faint as the smile of Pity,  
And sweet as a swan-song's golden close.

And then, once more, as we marched along,  
There surged all round us that wonderful song;  
And it swung to the tramp of our marching  
feet;



But ah, it was tenderer now and so sweet  
 That it made our eyes grow wet and blind,  
 And the whole wide-world seem mother-kind,  
 Folding us round with a gentle embrace,  
 And pressing our souls to her soft sweet face.

## SONG

*Dreams; dreams; ah, the memory blinding us,  
 Blinding our eyes to the way that we go;  
 Till the new sorrow come, once more reminding  
 us*

*Blindly of kind hearts, ours long ago:  
 Mother-mine, whisper we, yours was the love  
 for me!*

*Still, though our paths lie lone and apart,  
 Yours is the true love, shining above for me,  
 Yours are the kind eyes, hurting my heart.*

*Dreams; dreams; ah, how shall we sing of them,*

*Dreams that we loved with our head on her  
breast:*

*Dreams; dreams; and the cradle-sweet swing  
of them;*

*Ay, for her voice was the sound we loved best:  
Can we remember at all or, forgetting it,  
Can we recall for a moment the gleam  
Of our childhood's delight and the wonder be-  
getting it,*

*Wonder awakened in dreams of a dream?*

And, once again, from the heart of the City

A murmur of tenderer laughter rose,

A sound that was faint as the smile of Pity,

And sweet as a swan-song's golden close;

And it seemed as if some wonderful Fair

Were charming the night of the City of  
Dreams,

For, over the mystical din out there,

The clouds were litten with flickering gleams,  
And a roseate light like the day's first flush

Quivered and beat on the towers above,  
And we heard through the curious crooning  
hush

An elfin song that we used to love.

*Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn . . .*

And the soft wind blew it the other way;  
And all that we heard was — *Cow's in the corn*;  
But we never heard anything half so gay!

And ever we seemed to be drawing nearer

That mystical roseate smoke-wreathed glare,  
And the curious music grew louder and clearer,  
Till *Mustard-Seed* said, "We are lucky, you  
see,

We've arrived at a time of festivity!"  
And so to the end of the street we came,  
And turned a corner, and — there we were,

In a place that glowed like the dawn of day,  
A crowded clamouring City square  
Like the cloudy heart of an opal, aflame  
With the lights of a great Dream-Fair:  
Thousands of children were gathered there,  
Thousands of old men, weary and grey,  
And the shouts of the showmen filled the air—  
This way! This way! This way!

And *See-Saw; Margery Daw*; we heard a  
rollicking shout,  
As the swing-boats hurtled over our heads to  
the tune of the roundabout;  
And *Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn*,  
we heard the showmen cry,  
And *Dickory Dock, I'm as good as a clock*, we  
heard the swings reply.

This way, this way to your Heart's Desire;

Come, cast your burdens down;  
And the pauper shall mount his throne in the  
skies,

And the king be rid of his crown:  
And souls that were dead shall be fed with fire  
From the fount of their ancient pain,  
And your lost love come with the light in her  
eyes

Back to your heart again.

Ah, here be sure she shall never prove  
Less kind than her eyes were bright;  
This way, this way to your old lost love,  
You shall kiss her lips to-night;  
This way for the smile of a dead man's face  
And the grip of a brother's hand,  
This way to your childhood's heart of grace  
And your home in Fairy-land.

*Dickory Dock, I'm as good as a clock, d'you*  
hear my swivels chime?

To and fro as I come and go, I keep eternal  
time.

O, little Bo-peep, if you've lost your sheep  
and don't know where to find 'em,  
Leave 'em alone and they'll come home, and  
carry their tails behind 'em.

And *See-Saw; Margery Daw*; there came the  
chorussing shout,

As the swing-boats answered the roaring tune  
of the rollicking roundabout;

Dickory, dickory, dickory, dock, d'you hear  
my swivels chime?

Swing; swing; you're as good as a king if  
you keep eternal time.

Then we saw that the tunes of the world were  
one;

And the metre that guided the rhythmic sun  
Was at one, like the ebb and the flow of the  
    sea,

With the tunes that we learned at our mother's  
    knee;

The beat of the horse-hoofs that carried us  
    down

To see the fine Lady of Banbury Town;

And so, by the rhymes that we knew, we could  
    tell

Without knowing the others — that all was  
    well.

And then, our brains began to spin;

For it seemed as if that mighty din

Were no less than the cries of the poets and  
    sages

Of all the nations in all the ages;

And, if they could only beat out the whole

Of their music together, the guerdon and goal  
Of the world would be reached with one mighty  
    shout,

And the dark dread secret of Time be out;

And nearer, nearer they seemed to climb,

    And madder and merrier rose the song,  
And the swings and the see-saws marked the  
    time;

    For this was the maddest and merriest  
    throng

That ever was met on a holy-day

To dance the dust of the world away;

And madder and merrier, round and round

The whirligigs whirled to the whirling sound,

Till it seemed that the mad song burst its bars

And mixed with the song of the whirling stars,

The song that the rhythmic Time-Tides tell

To seraphs in Heaven and devils in Hell;

Ay; Heaven and Hell in accordant chime



With the universal rhythm and rhyme  
 Were nearing the secret of Space and Time;  
 The song of that ultimate mystery  
 Which only the mad blind men who see,  
 Led by the laugh of a little child,  
 Can utter; Ay, wilder and yet more wild  
 It maddened, till now — full song — it was out!  
 It roared from the starry roundabout —

*A child was born in Bethlehem, in Bethlehem,  
 in Bethlehem,*

*A child was born in Bethlehem; ah, hear my  
 fairy fable;*

*For I have seen the King of Kings, no longer  
 thronged with angel wings,*

*But croodling like a little babe, and cradled  
 in a stable.*

*The wise men came to greet him with their gifts  
 of myrrh and frankincense, —*

*Gold and myrrh and frankincense they brought  
to make him mirth;  
And would you know the way to win to little  
brother Peterkin,  
My childhood's heart shall guide you through  
the glories of the earth.*

*A child was born in Bethlehem, in Bethlehem,  
in Bethlehem;*

*The wise men came to welcome him: a star  
stood o'er the gable;  
And there they saw the Kings of Kings, no longer  
thronged with angel wings,  
But croodling like a little babe, and cradled  
in a stable.*

*And creeping through the music once again  
the fairy cry  
Came freezing o'er the snowy towers to lead  
us on to Peterkin:*

Once more the fairy bugles blew from lands  
beyond the sky,

And we all groped out together, dazed and  
blind, we knew not why;

Out through the City's farther gates we went  
to look for Peterkin;

Out, out into the dark Unknown, and heard  
the clamour die

Far, far away behind us as we trotted on  
to Peterkin.

Then once more along the rare

Forest-paths we groped our way:

Here the glow-worm's league-long glare

Turned the Wild Thyme night to day:

There we passed a sort of whale

Sixty feet in length or more,

But we knew it was a snail

Even when we heard it snore.

Often through the glamorous gloom

Almost on the top of us

We beheld a beetle loom

Like a hippopotamus;

Once or twice a spotted toad

Like a mountain wobbled by

With a rolling moon that glowed

Through the skin-fringe of its eye.

Once a caterpillar bowed

Down a leaf of Ygdrasil

Like a sunset-coloured cloud

Sleeping on a quiet hill:

Once we came upon a moth

Fast asleep with outspread wings,

Like a mighty tissued cloth

Woven for the feet of kings.

There above the woods in state

Many a temple dome that glows  
Delicately like a great  
Rainbow-coloured bubble rose:  
Though they were but flowers on earth,  
Oh, we dared not enter in;  
For in that divine re-birth  
Less than awe were more than sin!

Yet their mystic anthems came  
Sweetly to our listening ears;  
And their burden was the same —  
“No more sorrow, no more tears!  
Whither Peterkin has gone  
You, assuredly, shall go:  
When your wanderings are done,  
All he knows you, too, shall know!”

So we thought we'd onward roam  
Till earth's Smallest Flower appeared,

With a less tremendous dome  
Less divinely to be feared:  
Then, perchance, if we should dare  
Timidly to enter in,  
Might some kindly doorkeeper  
Give us news of Peterkin.

At last we saw a crimson porch  
Far away, like a dull red torch  
Burning in the purple gloom;  
And a great ocean of perfume  
Rolled round us as we drew anear,  
And then we strangely seemed to hear  
The shadow of a mighty psalm,  
A sound as if a golden sea  
Of music swung in utter calm  
Against the shores of Eternity;  
And then we saw the mighty dome  
Of some mysterious Temple tower

On high; and knew that we had come,  
At last, to that sweet House of Grace  
Which wise men find in every place —  
The Temple of the Smallest Flower.

And there — alas — our fairy friends  
Whispered, "Here our kingdom ends:

You must enter in alone,  
But your souls will surely show

Whither Peterkin is gone  
And the road that you must go:

We, poor fairies, have no souls!  
Hark, the warning hare-bell tolls;"  
So "Good-bye, good-bye," they said,  
"Dear little seekers-for-the-dead."

They vanished; ah, but as they went  
We heard their voices softly blent  
In some mysterious fairy song  
That seemed to make us wise and strong;

For it was like the holy calm  
That fills the bosomed rose with balm,  
Or blessings that the twilight breathes  
Where the honeysuckle wreathes  
Between young lovers and the sky  
As on banks of flowers they lie;  
And with wings of rose and green  
Laughing fairies pass unseen,  
Singing their sweet lullaby, —

Lulla-lulla-lullaby!

Lulla-lulla-lullaby!

Ah, good night, with lullaby!

\* \* \* \* \*

Only a flower? Those carven walls,  
Those cornices and coronals,  
The splendid crimson porch, the thin  
Strange sounds of singing from within —  
Through the scented arch we stept,  
Pushed back the soft petallic door,



And down the velvet aisles we crept;

Was it a Flower — no more?

For one of the voices that we heard,

A child's voice, clear as the voice of a bird,

Was it not? — nay, it could not be!

And a woman's voice that tenderly

Answered him in fond refrain,

And pierced our hearts with sweet sweet pain,

As if dear Mary-mother hung

Above some little child, and sung

Between the waves of that golden sea

The cradle-songs of Eternity;

And, while in her deep smile he basked,

Answered whatsoe'er he asked.

*What is there hid in the heart of a rose,*

*Mother-mine?*

*Ah, who knows, who knows, who knows?*

*A man that died on a lonely hill  
May tell you, perhaps, but none other will,  
Little child.*

*What does it take to make a rose,  
Mother-mine?*

*The God that died to make it knows  
It takes the world's eternal wars,  
It takes the moon and all the stars,  
It takes the might of heaven and hell  
And the everlasting Love as well,  
Little child.*

But there, in one great shrine apart  
Within the Temple's holiest heart,  
We came upon a blinding light,  
Suddenly, and a burning throne  
Of pinnaced glory, wild and white;  
We could not see Who reigned thereon;

For, all at once, as a wood-bird sings,  
The aisles were full of great white wings  
Row above mystic burning row;  
And through the splendour and the glow  
We saw four angels, great and sweet,  
With outspread wings and folded feet,  
Come gliding down from a heaven within  
    The golden heart of Paradise;  
    And in their hands, with laughing eyes,  
Lay little brother Peterkin.

And all around the Temple of the Smallest of  
    the Flowers

    The glory of the angels made a star for little  
    Peterkin;

For all the Kings of Splendour and all the  
    Heavenly Powers

Were gathered there together in the fairy  
    forest bowers

With all their globed and radiant wings to  
make a star for Peterkin,  
The star that shone upon the East, a star that  
still is ours,  
Whene'er we hang our stockings up, a star  
of wings for Peterkin.

Then all, in one great flash, was gone —

A voice cried, "Hush, all's well!"  
And we stood dreaming there alone,  
In darkness. Who can tell  
The mystic quiet that we felt,  
As if the woods in worship knelt,  
Far off we heard a bell  
Tolling strange human folk to prayer  
Through fields of sunset-coloured air.

And then a voice, "Why, here they are!"  
And — as it seemed — we woke;

The sweet old skies, great star by star

Upon our vision broke;

Field over field of heavenly blue

Rose o'er us; then a voice we knew

Softly and gently spoke —

“See, they are sleeping by the side

Of that dear little one — who died.”

## PART V

### THE HAPPY ENDING

WE told dear father all our tale  
That night before we went to bed,  
And at the end his face grew pale,  
And he bent over us and said  
(Was it not strange?) he, too, was there,  
A weary, weary watch to keep  
Before the gates of the City of Sleep;  
But, ere we came, he did not dare  
Even to dream of entering in,  
Or even to hope for Peterkin.  
He was the poor blind man, he said,  
And we — how low he bent his head!  
Then he called mother near; and low  
He whispered to us — “Prompt me now;

For I forget that song we heard,

But you remember every word."

Then memory came like a breaking morn,

And we breathed it to him — *A child was born!*

And there he drew us to his breast

And softly murmured all the rest. —

*The wise men came to greet him with their gifts*

*of myrrh and frankincense, —*

*Gold and myrrh and frankincense they brought*

*to make him mirth;*

*And would you know the way to win to little*

*brother Peterkin,*

*My childhood's heart shall guide you through*

*the glories of the earth.*

Then he looked up and mother knelt

Beside us, oh, her eyes were bright;

Her arms were like a lovely belt

All round us as we said Good-night  
To father: *he* was crying now,  
But they were happy tears, somehow;  
For there we saw dear mother lay  
Her cheek against his cheek and say —  
Hush, let me kiss those tears away.



## DEDICATION

*WHAT can a wanderer bring*

*To little ones loved like you?*

*You have songs of your own to sing*

*That are far more steadfast and true,*

*Crumbs of pity for birds*

*That flit o'er your sun-swept lawn,*

*Songs that are dearer than all our words*

*With a love that is clear as the dawn.*

*What should a dreamer devise,*

*In the depths of his wayward will,*

*To deepen the gleam of your eyes*

*Who can dance with the Sun-child still?*

*Yet you glanced on his lonely way,*

*You cheered him in dream and deed,  
And his heart is o'erflowing, o'erflowing to-day  
With a love that — you never will need.*

*What can a pilgrim teach  
To dwellers in fairy-land?  
Truth that excels all speech  
You murmur and understand!  
All he can sing you he brings;  
But — one thing more if he may,  
One thing more that the King of Kings  
Will take from the child on the way.*

*Yet how can a child of the night  
Brighten the light of the sun?  
How can he add a delight  
To the dances that never are done?  
Ah, what if he struggles to turn  
Once more to the sweet old skies*

*With praise and praise, from the fetters that  
burn,*

*To the God that brightened your eyes?*

*Yes; he is weak, he will fail,*

*Yet, what if, in sorrows apart,*

*One thing, one should avail,*

*The cry of a grateful heart;*

*It has wings: they return through the night*

*To a sky where the light lives yet,*

*To the clouds that kneel on his mountain-height*

*And the path that his feet forget.*

*What if he struggles and still*

*Fails and struggles again?*

*What if his broken will*

*Whispers the struggle is vain?*

*Once at least he has risen*

*Because he remembered your eyes;*

*Once they have brought to his earthly prison  
The passion of Paradise.*

*Kind little eyes that I love,  
Eyes forgetful of mine,  
In a dream I am bending above  
Your sleep, and you open and shine;  
And I know as my own grow blind  
With a lonely prayer for your sake,  
He will hear — even me — little eyes that were  
kind,  
God bless you, asleep or awake.*



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